

Tabula Rasa

By Dabney Bailey

There is magic in the world. Every creature that draws breath has magic. Every race except one: humans.

Dragons can breathe fire and fly through the clouds. The unliving can shrug off blows that would kill anyone else. Elves can speak to the trees. Dwarves can shape the stone of the mountains.

Humans have nothing. You might think that's a bad thing, but it isn't. You know how water flows from a full pool to an empty pool? Magic operates the same way. The magic of other races can flow into humans' empty souls, but only if it's allowed to.

You're a human with nothing. The other races have everything. Their magic can be yours, but only if you strike a fair deal and shake on it. Do you want a dragon's firebreath? Strike a bargain and shake hands. Return its stolen horde (or whatever else it asks) and its dragon's breath is yours.

One player is the GM, who narrates the story. When there's a conflict, the GM decides your fate based on what's most logical. Use wits, hard bargains, and strategy to make sure fate is always on your side.